

## Prom of '59 by GallifreyGod

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**Summary:**

Lonnie always had to fuck everything up like it was his job. But Hopper is always going to be there when Joyce falls. Always.

So when David Harbour retweeted that post about him and Winona as Joyce  
and Jim he said

"Hawkins Class of '60. She and Lonnie went to winter prom of '59 and Hopper sat outside in his steel blue GTO smoking camels"

So this fic is inspired by that post! Enjoy

The song of this story is 'Chances Are' by Johnny Mathis

## Prom of '59

"Damn it, Lonnie!" Joyce screeched as she charged out of the Hawkins High School gymnasium. Stupid Lonnie and his stupid friends.

She ripped a pack of cigarettes out of her bag and shoved one between her lips, swearing when her lighter wouldn't catch.

"Fuck damn it!" Joyce howled as she was just about to throw the damn cigarette on the wet asphalt.

"Need a light?" Came a voice from across the parking lot. Who other than Jim Hopper. Leaning up against his steel blue GTO with a look of sympathy.

Joyce trudged over to her friend as the rain and snow continued to downpour over her. "Thanks, Hop. She said quietly as he lit the cigarette between her lips.

"What's got you so down? Lonnie being an ass again?" Hopper asked with his all-knowing wisdom of just how idiotic Lonnie could be. He shifted himself out of his jacket and set it gently over her shoulders.

"He's leaving. A couple of his friends got their hands on booze so they're going to get shit faced at the old Malwich house." Joyce scuffed before taking a long drag.

"What a douche." Hopper said quietly. That would probably be the first and last time he ever insulted Lonnie without raising his voice. He knew Joyce was as upset as it is, he knew better than to make it worse.

"What are you doing out in the rain Hop?" Joyce asked as she looked up at the much taller teenager. For being 17 he looked like a giant next to her small stature.

"Cooper ripped my prom privileges after he caught us smoking. I took the blame so you wouldn't lose out." Hopper lied smoothly. Cooper wouldn't have done shit even if he did catch Hopper, which he didn't.

Hopper knew Lonnie would mess everything up for Joyce's prom. He also knew that Joyce wouldn't have a ride home and she would be stuck in the rain. He wasn't *that* much of an asshole to leave her behind.

"Thanks for that. Not that it would matter. I'd probably be better off if I didn't go. Lonnie is such a flake." Joyce muttered as she looked down at her reflection in the puddle beneath her feet.

The music echoed from the outside of the packed high-school, leaving the two in not-so-silence. Hopper could see the heartbreak on Joyce's face through his peripheral vision. She never liked when people saw her cry but Hopper could see the tear falling down her cheek.

He didn't know if Joyce knew about his feelings, and he didn't want to know. Joyce's vision had been jaded ever since she and Lonnie got together. She was only able to see what Lonnie saw, and that was nothing but him.

Hop couldn't tell Joyce, he couldn't ruin everything. They had been friends since 6th grade. Joyce was shoved into a locker by a bitchy clique who didn't like her. Hopper, like always after that, had been there to save her. He escorted her to the faculty bathroom (thanks to his lock picking skills) and cleaned up her bloody nose.

Maybe it was the way her eyes sparkled, or maybe it was just because she was a pretty rad girl in general, but he fell pretty hard for her. Chrissy Carpenter had nothing on Joyce, and she never would. Joyce was one of a kind. She didn't care about looking better than everybody, and she didn't care what people thought of her.

The beginning of a slow song began to echo from the school and Joyce's mood turned even more sour. "This was Lonnie and I's song." She whispered as '*Chances Are*' by Johnny Mathis began to play.

"Let's dance." Hopper said as he tugged her softly towards him. With hesitation first, Joyce put her arms around Hopper's neck and slowly swayed with him.

"You hate Johnny Mathis, Hop." Joyce said with her first laugh of the evening. Hopper chuckled softly as he kept swaying. "I'll live." He

said as he smoothed a strand of hair out of her face.

She couldn't pull away her brown eyes from his. She felt like jelly as he held her waist in his arms.

As cliché as it sounded, Hopper could only describe it as her eyes were glittering in the moonlight.

"Hopper.." Joyce began but Jim lightly shooshed her. He didn't want this to end. Not yet. He finally had his moment and it was just the two of them. It might not have been ideal, but it was perfect.

Hopper slowly lifted his hands and held her cheeks in his palms. Joyce wrapped her hands around his wrists as he cradled her head.

Slowly but surely, Hopper moved in and placed a small kiss to Joyce's lips. It wasn't more than a peck at first but as Hopper's mind cleared of the fog, he realized she was gently kissing him back.

As they broke apart, Hopper pressed his forehead to her's and slowly kissed a snowflake off of her nose.

"I have a feeling you've figured it out, haven't you?" Jim said quietly as he kept his forehead to hers.

"Oh Hopper, I've known for a very long time." Joyce said with a slight giggle. The fog from her words clouded between their faces in the ice cold air.

"Don't go, Joycie, please don't go back to him. He's only going to hurt you more." Hopper pleaded, throwing his ego out the window. Only for her.

Joyce's answer was a second kiss pressed to his lips. He didn't need any words from her, this was answer enough, and it was the best answer he could've gotten.

Neither of them knew how long they stood in the rainy snow, but it was perfect. Not a drop of snow or drop of rain that fell could ruin this.

This was a night they would always remember.

**Author's Note:**

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